

# BOUNTING BILLOWS.

ST. LOUIS: Published by BALMER & WEBER.

*Allegretto.*

Bounding billows cease your motion, Bear me not so

swift - ly o'er, Cease thy roaring foam - y o - cean, Cease thy

roaring foam - y o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

2  
Ah! within my bosom beating,  
Varying passions wildly reign;  
Love with proud resentment meeting,  
Throbs by turns with joy and pain.

3  
Proud has been my fatal passion,  
Proud my injured heart shall be;  
While each thought and inclination,  
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

4  
Yet believe no servile passion,  
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind,  
Well I know thy inclination —  
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

5  
Far I go where fate may lead me,  
Far across the troubled deep;  
Where no stranger's ear can heed me,  
Where no eye for me shall weep.

6  
Not one sigh shall tell my story,  
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;  
Silent grief shall be my glory,  
Grief that stoops not to complain.

7  
When with thee what ill could harm me,  
Thou could'st ev'ry pang assuage;  
But when absent nought could harm me,  
Ev'ry moment seemed an age.